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WARRHOUSE, MILLERSBURG,O. Sept. 18,1856-4tt

NOTICE-

The Union Line Express Company M. BENJAMIN COHN having been appointed local Magent of the Company in Millersburg, would say to the business public, that they are located up town, at the store of Air Gohn, where all matter perfaining to the transportation of Bank Notes, Geld, Valuables, Merchandine or Produce, will receive due attention and const departs.

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M. HEWITT, Sup't, Millersburg, Aug. 16, 1861.—1m6

Cleveland, O.

New Tailor Shep.

MESSES HENDERSON & JACOBS respectfully inform those wanting clothes made that they have taken the room immediately over Mulvane's Store, where they are Prepared to give Fits at all times and at reasonable prices. Their long experience in the business enables them to guarantee satisfaction. Fashion Plates reg-ularly received. Millersburg, Oct 1, 1861

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP!
One door Westrom J. Mulvane's store, in the room
formerly occupied as Post office, where the under
signed is propared to do all kinds of work in his line, os

I. B. I have on hand, as agent, a jot of home made leastern Boots and Shoes which for roady pay I will

OLI OLI OLIU TOOLS for boring wells, and pumping off, and one well as stationary.

EIN G. I.N. H.S.

edity about to regard to power, or fuel used to power.

EDEFY COMPETITION

A TON OF SOAP.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

OLD BRUNO.

BY N. FEEDINAND NICKERSON.

One warm and balmy day in the June of 1780, occurred the event which our pen is about to chronicle. The Revolution was raging with all its horrors, and the invading army under Montgomery, marching through the northern part of New York, laying waste and devastating many a pleasant village and hamlet, marking their pathway with smoky roins of peaceful farmer's cabins, and the utter destruction of their crops of grain. But away from this picture of sickening sight let us turn, to one of a more pleasant character, one where the calamities that follow in the track of war, had not yet reached to mar their quiet repose, though how

receives a list adien as he sinks below the western hills. Here singly enscouced, in its, smiling valley, the sillage of W——has as yet escaped the late of many of the more exposed frontier towns.

Having bond our way into the village, let us go still farther along 'till we reach the head of the valley, and here let us pause to contemplate the scene presented to our gaze. Before us a style, closing the cutrance to what was once a grand avenue shaded by lordly oaks rearing their broad, sinewy limbs, gnarled and knotted by the wear of many winds. At the further end of this avenue, on a slight eminence, stands a mansion now moss grown and crumbling with decay, but which at the time we write, was rejoicing in newness of construction, and the joicise in newness of construction, and the grounds that surrounded it now but a forest of overgrown shrubbery, then luxuristed in the growth of many hued flowers, nicely laid out

growth of many hued flowers, nicely laid out plots; and smooth gravel walks.

This smiling Eden was the home of farmer Griswold, a staunch patriot, who with his three sons were away in the army at Valley Forge, leaving his wife and only daughter Maria at home, with no other protector than old Bruno who had kept faithful watch and ward over the farmers household for many years, but still retained much of his vigor and dog like proclivities, and was a terror to traveling vagrants, did their temerity tempt them to approach the man-

There was, however, apparantly little to fear for their safety as the village quiet was seldom disturbed by strangers passing that way, and the sound of warfare was still heard afar off.— Mrs. Griswold and Maria therefore went about

their daily duties unmolested.

This was the calm that preceded the storm.
One morning as Mrs. O. made her usual mornone visit to the spring for water, with which to prepare their meal, to her dismay she beheld approaching a band of horsemen, wearing the uniform of British soldiers. On their near ap-roach she was still more alarmed by recogni-ring them as a band of tories, of whose bloody

Reigning up their feaming steeds, the whole party dismounted, and approaching the man-sion, whither Mrs. G. had fied on their first ap-

with wine, and their bearing was insolent in

preserved her presence of mind; and hastened to comply with their request.

Sealing themselves at the table, they ate for a few minutes in silence, when Maria, wholly unconcious of what had happened, entered the bitches.

Her astonishment was scarcely less than her ed with armed men. But a feeling of terror took the place of astonishment, when in their leafer she recognized Seth Jones, who had been an old admirer of hers, but whom she discardvowing vengauce, le left her and she had nev-er seen him since. Now he had appeared be-fore her as the leader of a band of cut-throats. and well might she tremble for the safety of her mother and herself.

On her entrance the men arose, and Seth staggered toward her, his eyes shooting forth rays of fiendish passion. Catching her by the arm he hiccoughed out:

"Ah, any pretty bird, so we've met again, eh? (bie) glad to see me, hain't you? Told you my day had come! (bie) told you so! You can't escape me this time! (bie) so make the best of it. Come and sit by me, (bie) my dear, while

And seizing her round the wrist, he dragged her to the table, and seated her in a chair, where powerless and benumbed with fright she sat gle muscle, but her heart sent up a silent pray-er to her God, who had never as yet deserted her in the hour of trial, that He would save her

ruffians.

Old Bruno, who, at their entrance, lay in his accusiomed corner by the fire, raised his head and not liking their looks gave a low growl of dissatisfaction, and seemed about making preparations to commence hostilities, but his mistress, fearful that his noise might meife them to more mischief, hushed his cry and opening the door leading to the cellar, bade him enter. Old Bruno did not relish this command, but having been accustomed to obey her, he slowly and with great reluctance did as he was bid. By this time the party had finished their meal, and Seth, approaching Mrs. Griswold, demanded liquor, aving he knew "the Souire always had a pleuapproaching Mrs. Griswold, demanded liquor, saying he knew "the Squire always had a plen-

Mrs. Griswold meekly told him that she had

Mrs. Griswold meekly told him that she had none in the house.

At this he flew into a violent passion, and began cursing at a terrible rate, declaring be knew where it was kept, and he would find it himself, and going to the cellar door disappeared down the stairway.

The men in the meantime were growing noisy, and their coarse jests caused the blush of outraged innocence to mantle Maria's face, yet she dared not more, fearing every moment they

outraged innocence to mantle Maria since, yet she dared not move, fearing every moment they would proceed to still greater outrage.

All at once a yell rose from the cellar, accompanied with curses and calls for help. Immediately every man sprang to his feet, and each seizing his weapon, a simultaneous rish was made for the cellar, from whence the noise of a struggle going on arose. Mrs. Griswold at once comprehended the state of affairs. Seth of a struggle going on arose. Mrs. Griswold at once comprehended the state of affairs. Seth had grouped his way down in the dim light, not perceiving Old Bruno, who still grouty over his inglorious and disgraceful retrent, watched the Torie's steps with a jealous eye. All at once as Seth approached him, he made a spring, and grasped the Tory by the threat. Then commenced a battle for life and death.

The timely arrival of his companious, saved Seth's life, and signed the death warrant of poor Bruno; for the foremost man thrust his sword through that faithful heart, and with a groan as of mortal anguish. Bruno released his hold and

through that faithful heart, and with a groan as of mortal anguish. Bruno released his hold and expired. Venting their spleen on the unoffending body, by lineking and mutilating it with their swords, they after a fruitless search for the liquor, started to ascend again to the kitchen, best upon the destruction of the intrastes, and to plunder the house, and set fire to it to rifice), they renewed their attack on the door,

Mrs. G, who, assoon as the men runned to the aid of their companion, recovered her presence of mind enough to fasten and bar the cellar door, turned a deaf car alike to their loud threats of vengeance, or entreaties to be let out

—promising to go away and never return if she would histen—but seat Maria to the nearest acighbors in search of aid, though she had but little hope of success, since the male portion of the village, were nearly all away with the army, nevertheless she remained to guard the door, and await her daughter's return.

All at once, the noise from below ceased, and they seemed to be in consultation. Suddenly her heart almost ceased its pulsation, as a doll, heavy sound, as of repeated blows against the door by some heavy substance, smote on her car. They had become sobered by the realization of their position, and were making a successful at-They had become sobered by the realization of their position, and were making a successful attack upon the door, with a beam which they had hunted up in the cellar, and converted into a battering ram. The sounds grew more and more distinct, and the creaking swaying door gave token of their success, and warned her that she must seek sofety in flight. She rushed wildly out of the house, and down the gravel walk toward the highway, where—oh, joyful night—coming slowly down the road was a cavalcade of horsemen, whose blue uniforms pro-

aight—coming slowly down the road was a cavalende of horsemen, whose blue uniforms proclaimed them to be friends.

On peiceiving her making signs to them, they put spurs to their steeds, and more rapidly approached. What was Mrs. G—'s joy, them she recognized her husband

and oldest son.

The meeting was one long to be remembered.

Springing from his borse, the squire caught the fainting form of his wife, eagerly inquiring

tainting form of his wife, eagerly inquiring what was the matter.

The s-dden transition to joy had been too much for Mrs. G., but rousing her sinking energies, she gasped "Tories!" and pointed toward the house. This was enough, and the squire, relinquishing his wife into the arms of her son, strode rapidly toward the house, followed close by the whole company.

Just as they entered the kinchen the door of the cellar gave gave way, and up rushed pell mell the Tory crew; but, if their astonishment had been greae to find themselves caught in their own trap, it was still greater on beholding themselves confronted by a band of armed soldiers, out aumber in them two to one, with weap-

ceived their well-merited reward.

The opportune arrival of the farmers happende in this wise. Information had reached headquarters of a band of roving tories who were prowling about the country, and the farmer (now Captain Griswold) had, with his company, been detailed to go in search of them. They had traced them to within a few miles of W., where they lost track of them, and hunting in a vain search for their trail, they proposed a call at the captain's farm to refresh themselves and tired beasts, little dreaming they should dud the objects of their search prisoners in his

after years, when graudchildren clustered around his cheerful fireside, would he recount to their attentive ears, while tears coursed down the paths of his furrowed cheeks, the story of life; and whose memory is perpetuated by marble slab, now, like the mansjon, moss-grow marble slab, now, like the mansion, moss-grown and gray with age, on which, should the reader chance to visit W., and pause to seek out the mound 'neath the linden, in the back yard of the deserted homestend, he may read, in scarce perteptible characters, the simple word

How our Soldiers Recovered Stray Mules from a Rebel Camp. Paducha, yesterday, which will pay for its space in repeating. When our troops first received ther teams they were troubled to procure forage, so the mules were turned loose or tenhered in ther fearms they were troubled to procure forage; so the mules were turned loose or tethered in the outskirts of the town. Occasionally a few would be missing, until Unele Sam found himself minus some twenty-five or thirty. Those which strayed away were caught up by the rebel speculators and taken to blandville, back of Columbus, where they had accumulated some fitty stolen and purchased mules, which were under some five orsix keepers. The two privates mentioned (members of the 40th Illinois volunteers,) hearing of the whereabouts of the stock, asked General Smith's permission to attempt their recapture, which, with some misgivings, was granted. The boys, dressed in a garb of Kentucky farmers, went and surveyed the field and fold, and set to work. They had whiskey with them, whiskey such as Kentucky rebels like to get drunk on, good old Bourbon—and the first object was to get them as comfortably tight as possible, which was not long in being accomplished. Then the boys went to the mule yard, let down the bars, mounted two of the best, without saddle or bridle, and started for Paducha, the whole lot following at break-neck pace, and braying in the most diabolical chorus. The keepers were not long in diteogering the trick and gaye chase as far as break-neck pace, and braying in the most dia-bolical chorus. The keepers were not long in ditcovering the trick, and gave chase as far as they deemed it prudent toward our lines, but to no purpose; and in good season Saturday af-ternoon the boys made their appearance at Gen. Smith's headquarters to report, their faces beaming with a glow of satisfaction hard to de-scribe. Their report was a condensation of Laconism. so I will give the dialugue! Grn. Smith. "Well boys what luck?" Soldier. "We got 'em' and more too." Gen. Smith. "How many did you get?" Soldier. "Forty, I reckon; 'aint counted 'em."

Gen. Smith. "But that is more than we have lost. You didn't steal any' I hope."

Soldier. "Steal! K-ristopher, steal! No, sirree; but you see, we didn't have time to put up the bars after we had got Uncle Sem's out, and the things would foller."

Then the Gen. drew on an elongated countenance, and, as sternly as those he had been

fenance, and, as steraly as those he had been a judge and was senteneing a culprit to a life-time of imprisonment, lectured the soldiers roundly for using profane language in the quarters and presence of a general officer. The soldier took the lecture onessily, twirling his hat nervously the while and, when the General had

ervously the while and, when the subsided," apologized as follows;
"You see, General, we have had to cuss the "You see, General, we have had to cusp, and "You see, General, we have had to cause the things all day to get them into camp, and its mighty hard to quit on all of a suddenly.

Then the General's rigidity relaxed: a smile or rather a laugh, came up from his heart, and tried to escape from the corners of his mouth; but discipline is discipline with an old army officer; and it would not do to allow of such a breach o decorum to pass unnoticed, but in consideration of the recaptured twenty-five, "and more too," he did not inflict any severe castignation or put them under arrest, but castigation or put them under arrest, but thanking them for the services rendered, dismissed them with a caution to leave their pro-fanity behind when they came again to head-quarters, and the boys left, declaring, as they closed the door, that "such a pious old cuss hadn't any business to be around amongst so-

There are dark hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole mosth in many of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brillianty all the time.—There have been cold and stormy days every year. And yet the mist and shadow of the darkest hour disappeared and fied beedlessly. The most cruel ice fetters have been broken and disabled, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm. And what a parable is this human life.—of our isaide world, where the heart works at its shadowing the dark hour and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only in the darkess and storm that herolam gains its greatest development, and the

beroism gains its greatest development, and the storm bears it on the more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then. Neither give up; while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointment will never be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only be

THE HEROES OF FORT M'RENEY.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1861.

A HISTORICAL INCIDENT. BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

There was a period (1777) whee Fort Me-lenry at the mouth of Wheeling creek, was arrisoned by only twelve men and two boys

ber of interesting incidents are said to have transpired, among which was the bold and gal-lant exploit of Elizabeth Zane, a young girl who bravely quitted the fort, returned to her father's house in the adjacent settlement, se-cured a keg of powder which she knew was hidden there, and, under the very fire of the Indians succeeded in making her way safety back to the fortification with her much coveted

Other incidents transpired, as we have just stated, one of which we propose now making a

sketch of.

It was after the alege had been accust me continued, and the garrison was reduced from forty-two, which was the original number, to four-teen, as we have already stated.

The Indians had taken possession of the settlements and corn-fields, from whence they kept up the siege, and, as long as they remain-ed under cover, with every advantage to them-selves. This way of getting along, however, was far too slow and troublesome for the rene-"Sumthin' better's this must be done!" hiss

ed Girty, with a terrible oath. "Ugh! ugh!" grunted back his dusky com

"We've peppered 'em pooty well so fur, and thar can't be mor'n a handful uv 'em left, so let's see if they won't knock under to sum sort

o'tarms."

"No tarm! no tarm!" growled the relentless chiefs. "Gib us pale face scalp, all o'dem!"

"Il voourse you shall have their skulps!" responded Girty, with the loudest kind of an oath. "Not a chick nor child uv the whole lot shall 'scape. I say it, and Simon Girty hates tare pale-faces wuss nor the devil. Cass em! cuss 'em! don't! I hate 'em, though! don't! I hate 'em! Never you be afcard, Injuns! I may offer 'em tarms jest to draw 'em interour hands, but the only tarms they'll git arterwards will be sich as we allers give 'em—the bloodiest sort!" bloodiest sort!'

outlaw, who forthwith proceeded to rig up a white flag, with which he made his appearance

panions, and waving his flag of truce toward the fort, we leave him and turn our attention to

anxiety. And yet there was no fear, no waver-ing, no quitation. Death stared them in the face, but, with strong hearts, they resolutely face, but, with strong hearts, they resolutely performed their duty. And, altogether, men and boys, they only numbered fourteen. A Spartan band that, truly! Talk of the heroes of Spatian cand that, truly! This is the elected of the Old World as much as you please, but the history of our borden can tell a tale of gallant men unparalleled since the beginning of time. Still, the valiant little band was in a despe-

"My friends, shall we continue to fight the redskins?" demanded Colonel Shepard, the commandant of the garrison, as he oppeared in the midst of his handful of men. "To he death, Colonel!" was the firm and

nialtering revly of all.
"To the death, be it then!" unber turned the gallant officer.
"See there!" suddenly cried one of the men,
as he turned round and looked in the direction of the enemy. "There's somebody wayin' white flag from the winder of Zane's house." Every eye was instantly bent in the direc-

At the same time Colonel Shepard stepped as far forward as possible.

The white flag, and Girty, and the India what do they want, I wonder?" was

question that passed from mouth to mouth.

"We shall soon know." responded Colonel Shepard for Girty, the renegade, 's going to speak."

"May the lightnings of God's wrath blast the bloody monster!" muttered one of the men, between his set teeth.

rs, in a deep and intense chorus. At that moment the voice of Girty broke up-

on their cars.

"In the name of the king I call upon you to surrender!" he yelled. "Refuse, and we'll not spar a single win uv ye!"

"Accursed renegade, your threats are idle!" shouted back the Golonel. "We are not to be frightened, and would sooner die at our posts

"Surrender, an' we'll spar you all!" pursued Girty. "I swnrit!—not a chick nor child shall be harmed. Open the gates, an' ye may march out with yer weepons in yer hands."

"He lies!" passed from mouth to mouth, in stern long. stern tones.
"It's but a cheat to get us into their power! added the Colonel. "Girty is no more to be credited than the imp of darkness."

"Wal, what say ye thar? will ye surrender? again yelled the renegade.
"No." burst simultaneously from the lips of all, and made the welkin ring.

The sounds of the parley had drawn the women from the interior of the fort, and with white faces they now stood clustered around.— Among the number was the heroic Elizabeth

ripped out the renegade, with a string of oaths.
"Not a man, woman, or child, will we spar; an'
the wimmen shall soffer the west of all." The poor females wrung their hands and wailed with agony; and the iron-visaged settlers mingled among them and tried to console them.

It was a moment of trial—a season of agony. Death would have been nothing to the indescri-Death would have been nothing to the indescribable seelings those poor people endured.

Suddenly a fine, manly-looking youth, who had been standing in the background, leaving on his rifle, silent and alone, strode forward to a point nearest the cabin occupied by Girty. His brow was knit, his teeth set, his bands clenched his nostrils dilated, and his black eyes gleamed with the fires that were blazing up in him. The future of that boy was stamped upon his brow, and shone forth from his eyes. Every look and movement betokened the hero.

"Villain! renegate! and mordere!" he shouted, in stenturan tones; "the earth has too

shouted, in stenturian tones; "the earth has too long groaned with your presence. Take that!"

Quick as a flash the excited boy threw up his rifle and fired. The intensity of his emotions, however, spoiled his aim, and Girty's life was still preserved. The renegade's escape, though, was miraculous, for the ball ahivered the flag-staff which he held in his hands into a hundred pieces.

With a loud vell, that was school from many with a loud yell, that was echoed from man

points, the outlaw and his red companions dis all!" muttered the youth, with intense bitter-ness, as he eagerly watched to see the effect of

his shot.

"That was wrong my lad." said Colonel Shepard, stepping forward. "They were protected
by a flag of truce, and we should have respected it. Someother time I shall have to call you asperate our foce."

The Colonel was right, for in a few momenta the attack was recommenced with redoubled vigor. The little garrison, however, met the assault with invincible bravery, and finally forced

the fort, but without and success; and the next moraing Col. Swearingen and fourteen men succeeded in fighting their way into the fort; and still later Major Samuel McCullough, with forty men, reached the spot. The men succeeded in passing the gate, but McCultough was less fortunate, and was forced to fly for his life. After numerous hair-breadth escapes, not the least of which was leaping down a precipice of one hundred and fifty feet, the gallant Major succeeded in reaching a place of safety.

At the fort matters soon assumed a different complexion; and in a little while Girty and his red followers left the scene, acknowledging themselves dead beat. First, however, they killed some three hundred cattle, and set fire to all the houses.

Well may the people of this day view with admiration the valiant deeds of the early settlers; and well may we wonder what sort of men and women the first pioneers really were. After the siege was over, the youth who fired at Girty received a mild reprimand, but in consideration of the extraordinary courage he had subsequently displayed many words of praise were mixed up with those of condemnation.

In after years the young man became famous as a great Indian fighter.

A Bloody Skirmis in the Moun-

During the recent campaign in Cheat Mountain, there were many gallant exploits performed, of which no public mention has been made. The whole country for miles around was a battle field, in which scouting parties more or less numerous met every day in bloody bet unimportant conflicts. Among the minor battles, the most bloody and bravely conducted of which we have heard, took place between Cap. Coon's company of Kimball's regiment, while out scouting by command of the Col., and a considerable division of the enemy under the considerable division of the enemy under the traiter Andrew J. Donaldson, of Tennessee.—
At the request of Mr. Commissary Lowe of this eity, Capt Coon's has furnished the following clear and interesting account of the fight, which shows that no better fighting has been done by any body of men during the war. Over sixty of the enemp were found dead the day after the Oght, by one of our Virginia regiments, and in a subsequent skirwish five were found dead by Cap. Coon's own men. making in all nearly seventy killed in this gallant but so far unpublished fight:

Camp Creat Mountain. ?

Western Virginia, Oct. 13; '61.

On the evening of the 13th of September, at 10 o'clock, I was ordered By Colonel Kimball to proceed with a detail of 60 mcn and scout the country between Cheat Mountain and Wagner's Camp, I proceeded down the pike about four miles to point where a path leads across the mountain to Elkwater, and found it impossible to go further on account of the extreme sible to go further on account of the extreme darkness. We bivounced at the point, and as soon as it was light, advanced until we arrived at Rosencrans' jarm, a point about three Miles from Wagner's camp. Here I found the house deserted, and from the fact that the farm house the day before was coupled, and now deserted came to the conclusion that the rebels were in the paids becker!

ime they came back, and reported that they and seen the trail of six cavalry, which had proceeded in the direction of Gen. Aeynold's camp I detailed Corporal Kline and four men to pro I detailed Corporal Kine and four men to pro-ceed upon the trail, and ascertain the character of the cavalry. They followed the trail across a meadow about 150 yards wide, and advanced up the mountain side a short distance, when we heard the report of twenty-five guns. I imme-diately formed my men in line of battle and gave the command "Formard—double quic.k" We advance across the meadow, and had got into the middle of the woods when the rebels. into the middle of the woods, when the rebels

ed fire upon us with at least five h I halted my men and returned their fire and fell back about fifty yards, and formed my men behind the bank of a creek that ran down through the meadow. We here opened fire, and for half an hour had it hot and heavy. The rebels attempted to form a line of battle about fifty yards in our front, but as fast as twenty of them would get into line we would shoot half of them down, and the balance would scatter. Their officers used every exertion to get them to make a charge unous but they wouldn't come Their officers used every exertion to get them to make a charge upon us; but they wouldn't come to time. They finally attempted to flank us, and we fell back, under a perfect storm of bullets, about one hundred yards, and I formed behind a lot of logs. By this time they were not thirty yards in our rear. After firing half a dozen rounds, they again commenced a flank movement, and I drew off my men, and promovement, and I drew on my men, and pro-ceeded toward camp. The enemy's force con-sisted of twenty-five hundred men under A. J. Donaldson, of Tennesse. We killed sixty-two of them, and wounded a large number, with a loss on our side of but four missing and seven wounded. The 3d Virginia regiment found

loss on our side of but four missing and seven wounded. The 3d Virginia regiment found that number of the enemy dead the next day. Our men fought like veterans, and seemed intent upon but one object and that was to kill as many "secesh" as possible.

After proceeding toward camp about two miles, we halted to await reinforcements.

After remaining about an hour, one of our scouts returned and reported that he had shot at some secessionists in our advance and killed scouts returned and reported that he had shot at some secessionists in our advance and killed one of them. I then sent out two scouts and they came back and reported that the woods between us and the camp were full of the enemy; and a farmer by the name of White, told us that our camp had been attacked by a large force of the enemy. I formed my men into a line and told them that we were surrounced, and from every appearance, there were at least line and told them that we were surrounced, and from every appearance, there were at least three thousand secessionists between us and the camp; that so far as I was concerned, had determined that I would never surrender to the infernal traitore, and that all who were in favor of cutting their way through to the camp, or fall in the attempt, would say, "aye." A fierce and detormined shout in the affirmative was the answer. I then fall that all the traiters. and determined shout in the amirmative was the answer. I then felt that all the traitors in Western Virginia could not conquer my brave little band, and in the language of Napoleon's Old Guard, "they might die, but would never

Old Guard, "taey might die, but would never surrender."

I deployed my men as skirmishers and advanced in the line of battle, and flanking the road as we proceeded. The "secesh" shed their knapsacks and blankets, and retreated to "ithin two miles of the pike. The enemy here make a stand, but after giving them three or four rounds in Hoosier style, they fled, leaving behind them five dend several wounded and several horses killed. In this fight we captured two centralands. Not one of our men was two contrabands. Not one of our men was touched. We then marched into camp without further molestation, and we were received by our friends as men who had risen from the dead as the whole camp were under the impression that my command had either been killed or ta

Rich without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thou-sands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece is rich. Good bones are better than gold—tough muscles, than silver, and nerves that flash fire and earry ener-gy to every function, are better than houses and hands.

It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and hosses. Education may do much to cheek evil tendencies, or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, cheerful, hopeful, patient, and who has flavor of wit and fun is his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a men's own self. A cross selfish, desponding and complaining fellow—a timid core-burthened man, these are all deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

Interesting from Seceshdom.

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Mr. F. W. Hurtt, of the Ohio State Journal, has just made a skiff trip from Cairo to the rebel camp at Columbus, Kentucky, where he had a social interview with Gen. Pillow and Gen. Polk, and tarried over Sunday in the fortified Zion of the Bishop-General. He had an interesting time of it, a full account of which he gives in the State Journal of the 5th. The way Mr. Hurtt got into Secesh was briefly this:

At Cairo a Mississippi lady was placed in the charge of Mr. Hurtt, who was in ill health and extremely anxious to reach her home and family. The disfance to Columbus by river is only twenty miles, yet Mr. H. could not get there with his charge by land carriage no matter how exorbitant the rates, such were bugaboo stories of the dangers current at Cairo. A skiff was the last recourse, and for the moderate sum of \$20, one man offered to run the gauntlet of being fired upon from both sides of the river! A pass was obtained from Gen. McClernand, a skiff bought, a white flag raised, the lady, when he had head heves adiables the put on board.

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We were placed at once in the charge of the General's son, and the brother of the lady was informed, by telegraph, that she was there. In less than two hours answer was received. The General, by the way, both sent and received the dispatches. Immediate arrangements were made for her departure for Memphis, and young Pillow was graciously offered as her escort. I was placed upon my parole of honor, not to inquire into matters here, and gived the liberty of the town. We had started at acon, and by this time it was about 7 o'clock. I had thus far avoided any conversation concerning our difficulties, except such as been clicited in the examination, and which grew out of compliment to our officers, for allowing the lady to pass, and the grace of the enemy in refraining pass, and the grace of the enemy in refraining from firing upon our little white flag. But the General was anxious to tell me how be and the General was anxious to tell me how be and the South felt, and the first opportunity he had, he hailed me. The access to the officers is very easy, and the room was crowded with all ranks. It was a strange looking crowd to me. The men were mostly young men, and looked rough and dirty, as if just from camp. They had the appearance of soldiers without the uniform.—Not much display of rank was seen in any part of the camp to which I had access, and no more here than elsewhere. Everything looked emphatically democratic, and while it looked less substantial and comfortable than like places in our army, it looked more as if these p rsons felt our army, it looked more as if these p rsons felt that they were engaged in a sympathetic family affair. As I took my seat, at the request of the General, I stated that I did not visit him to artheir feeling. I could not hope to change them. Nor could my position be changed any more than his could. I would not argue, therefore,

than his could. I would not argue, therefore, but would be happy to hear.

Gen. Pillow is one of the talking sort, and so for nearly two hours Mr. Hurtt and his rebel rurroundings were entertained "with a Southcruelties, its probable termination, with a considerable touch of the zeal and prowess, and bravery, and humanity of our foe." From the report of Mr., it appears to have been the old Southern story reveniped. We again quote:

INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL POLK.

We found General Polk in much more com fortable quarters, and rather more exclusive in his company. He is a fine, large, gray headed man, rather amiable looking, but distant. My man, rather amiable loosing, but distant. My case was presented and the permission readily granted. He began to deplore this war, and wondered what our people in the North intend-ed by it. He thought they ought to stop it at once, as they could gain nothing by its contin-uance, de. I asked him how be would settle. Gen. Polk. "By giving us all that belongs to us."

Gen. Polk. "All that has always been

knowledged ours." "Do you want Missouri?"
Gen. Polk. "Yes, that is ours, undoubtedly.

Gen. Polk. "Yes, that is ours, undoubtedly."

Gen. Polk. "Of course, the Ohio river has always been considered the line."

"But Kentucky don't want you!"

Gen. Polk. "We must have her." - "You want all of Virginia?" Gen. Polk. "Of course."

"You want an or virginia."

"You must have Maryland?"

Gen. Polk. "Most certainly."

"What will you do with Washing-

Gen. Polk. "Any trouble about Washington arises from its unfortunate position. We don't wan't it; remove it if you want it; but Mary-"Well, General, you will never get

Washington."
While this conversation was going on the Major was com nunicating something to the General's Adjutant, who handed it to him, upon which I was told that, as there was no necessi-

which I was told that, as there was no necessity of my further progress with the lady, he would have to withdraw his permission to my going any further than Columbus. Thus ended my attempt to try their leniency, and my first night in the rebel camp.

At midnight I was allowed to see my charge on the train for Memphis. The town is most closely guarded, at every second corner we met a guard who demanded the countersign. This surprised me as I had been told that the government of all their towns had been left to the Civil Authorities, and that they had not proclaimed Martial Law in a single Southern city. The train sped away and my mission was completed.

SABBATH'S DELAY.

On Sabbath morning General Pillow proposed to send me home to Bird's Point by the "Grampus."—the terrible Jeff Davis of the Mississippi—to a point on the Missouri shore, and thence by horse to our camps. About 10 o'clock I was escorted to the boat by the General himself, who gave directions to have a neutral man from the other side to go with me. The secession flag was not raised, and we left the curious soldiers, and moved towards home. But our man escort could not be found. When we came back the General had gone up to the fort, to watch our gunboats, which were reported around the point. As he did not return until it was too late for me to get through before dark I was compelled to lie over.

This delay was anything but pleasant, but it gave me a chance to hear the news, as related in the South. The General gave me a very facility to know how they were whipping us.

THEIR CAMP NEWS. Was always encouraging, even to the whipping of Jeff Thompson, at Fredericktown. He reported his battle there in a very laconic style. He was marched upon from both sides, and moved out twelve towards Greenville. He then turned back and formed a line of battle one mile from Frederickston. "Here," he says, "the enemy came out two to my one, and whipped me, when I left." He says, he lost

whipped me, when I read only one gon.

The General read me a dispatch he received from Zollicoffer, which says that he had captured Camp Dick Robinson with great loss to the national forces, and only eight on his side.

They had a dispatch also from Floyd in Western Virginia. "He had cut Rosecrans "all to pieces," and the whole Kanawha Vallew was

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now clear of Federal troops.

The battle of Leesburg was the greatest victory of the century—3,000 Confederates had met 12 regiments of Federals, and whipped them with a loss of 2,000 Lincolnites, and only 300 Confederates. 525 prisoners had been brought nto Richmond at one time, and 160 at another. Mayfield had been taken by our troops, and uterwards retaken by theirs, and they had two

Sabbath.

They do not want Paducah, as they could not hole it long, and if they could succeed in taking it the Federals would say they had only a few men there, and the victory would not amount to much. They claim that our gunboats can't do them any harm, as they are very thin, mere shell, and can be sunk in five minutes. But that could keep them from fortifying Paducah, so they wont take that place.

THEIR APPEARANCE, ETC.

being fired upon from both sides of the river!
A pass was obtained from Gen. McClernand, a skiff bought, a white flag raised, the lady, trunks, band boxes, edibles, &c., put on board, and Mr. H. committed himself and little bark to the swift current of the muddy Mississippi and his \$20 voyageur. The trip proved a pleasant one, attended with no apparent dangers, not withstanding all the horrible reports of pirrates and pot-metal.

At Columbus, boat and baggage were placed under guard, and the passengers taken to Gen. Pillow's headquarters. Mr. H. says:

A very large crowd of ununiformed and curious soldiers had gathered upon the bank and followed us until ordered back by our very young escort. We were taken to a dirty, unswept room, in which we were seated, and a very courteous examination conducted by an amiable looking gentieman, in half uniform and crowned with gray hairs, and wearing spectacles. While he would have been the only man in the room to whom I should have given the distinction of General, he was by no means the looking man I would have sought in a crowd, to call Gen. Pillow.

THERE APPERANCE, ETC.

During Sabbath I had a better opportunity to observe than before, Of course I did not attempt to learn their strength nor their purposes. I only saw what was on the face of society.—Their wants are great. The fable at the hotel was very lean—no butter, no milk, nothing indeed but bread, sweet potatoes, beef and coffee. The soldiers do not have uniforms. They all look like men who had congregated togethor for som desperate purpose, without any idea of its emoluments or honors. I could not help comparing their unquiet and unsubstantial appearance with our boys. They are very ensemble the day I became acquainted with Judge Brown, of the Ohto & Mohile Railroad, who told me that Gen. Polk's position was that of the whole South. That he believed if we had the have been settled: but now nothing could then have been settled: but now nothing could be offered that would be setioually considered short of all that

Monnay morning Mr. Hurtt was sent up the river a short distance by boat to keep his prying eye out of the camps on either side, and then forwarded by horseback, safely arriving at Bird's Point without meeting any foe.

A Western Heroine.

The Rolla correspondent of the Missouri Democrat says the following exploit was performed by a girl previous to the battle of Spring-

his camp in Lawrence county, thereby pring some of the Union men from making ing some of the Union men from making their escape from the sucmies lines. Under these circumstances, Mr. McNatt and two frineds sought concealment in the brush. Being destitute of fire arms a daughter of Mr. McNatt passed through the lines on horseback, and brought in three guas for the men of the party. The weapons were concealed under a canopy of crinoline—a safe—guard which no "bearded bard" of a sentinel dared to violate. On another occasion, our heroing hearing that "old mas or occasion, our heroine, hearing that "old man Smith," was blockaded and could not get home, mounted her steed and finding the old gentle-man, made him dress in woman's clothes and

bonnet. Thus accounted, "granny" was bringh the lines riding behind our he vithout awakening suspicion. ment of that State without his lather's consect.
Several letters were written by the father to the
son, while the regiment were in quarters at Camp
Randall, for the purpose of yursunding him to
return. At last he wrote him that he must
come—that he had a large amount of threshing
to do—that he could not afford to hire help, if
it were to be had, which was hardly bossible,

it were to be had, which was hardly bossible, owing to the number of enlistments—and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlested again afterward. The young man replied:

"Dear Father—I can't go home at present—I should be very glad to help you, but Unels Sam has got a mighty sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."

ee him out of the woods first." A Pirmy REJOINDER.—Bulwer was briefly and sensibly replied to by Mr. Puller, the farmer who officiated as chairman of the Heris dinner. He followed Bulwer's speech, with this one sentence: "I do not agree with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton that it is desirable the United States should be split up into three or four republics, and I point to South American republis as an instance of what would probably ensue if the United States become divided."

A REMARKABLE FACT .- The New Bedford Meacury states, that Mrs. Samuel A. France of Duxbury is now engaged in knitting stockings for the soldiers in our army. She was employed eighty-five years ago in knitting stockings for the soldiers of the Revolution, She is now ninety-two years of age.

At an evening party lately, a young man from England was bosating of the pedigree, wealth and importance of his ancestors.

"Oh yes," said H., "your father and mine spent part of their lives together."

"Where was that?" sharply replied the others.

tinging reply. It is a torture to enemies to return their

Don't you think I would make an execute soldier?" said a timid gentleman to h Yes, indeed, an admirable Granny-dear." Russell on Chase

In Russell's last letter to the London Times we find the the following: Never shall I forget what I saw Mr. Chase go through one fine day in his bureau soon after my arrival in Washington. The places in his gift were in the course of dis-tribution, and on calling on him I found the passages of the treasury leading to his department blocked up by an eager crowd of all sorts and conditions of men, who were continually sending in cards or slips of paper by the messenger at the deors, I was admitted, as Mr. Chase had been good enough to invite me to call upon him, and accordingly, when the doors were thrown open I had an opportunity of witnessing the eager rush, the solicitations, the pressure and obstinacy of the army of applicants who besieged the good humored applicants who besieged the good humored but resolute, sagacious, and unbending Minister. To shake hands warmly with every man of them, from the banker who had come to offer his millions to the rough dweller on distant seashores who aspired to the care of a lighthouse, to be civil and sympathising with every man, to listen with both cars, to remember all faces, and all names, and all handwritings, and all recommenders—these are no easy matters. recommendees—these are no easy matters, but I am bound to say Mr. Chase did them but I am bound to say Mr. Chase did them courtously and well, although he was assisted to some extent by an apt Secretary who headed off the hungriest and most tenacious of the pack, and carried them off one by one into some back room, as a spider hurried off a fly to the inner darkness. This however, is part of the duty of a pub-lic man in America, and any departure from it is certain to be resented, and to

make one unpopular. "Hallo Bill, I thought you had gone Pike's Peak."
"Faith, and I was there yer honor."